



P A N
A N D
S Y R I N X.





P A N
A N D
S Y R I N X:

OPERA of One ACT,

As it is Perform'd at the THEATRE
in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Written by Mr. THEOBALD,

A N D

Set to Musick by Mr. GALLIARD.

*Panáq; cum prensam sibi jam Syringa putaret,
Corpore pro Nympbæ Calamos tenuisse palustres.*

OVID.

L O N D O N:

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Dramatis Personæ.

P A N,	Mr. Leveridge.
First S Y L V A N,	Mr. Pack.
S Y R I N X,	by Mrs. Barbier.
First N Y M P H,	Mrs. Thurmond.
D I A N A,	Mrs. Spiller.

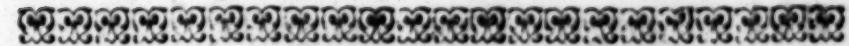
Chorus of Nymphs and Sylvans.



S C E N E, by the Banks of the River
Ladon in Arcadia.



PAN and SYRINX;
A N
O P E R A
Of One A C T.



SCENE *a Wood and Plain*; at distance
a River-God leaning on his Urn.

S Y R I N X.

 N sunny Hills, in gloomy Shades,
 O'er Mountains steep, and at
 (the limpid Stream,
 Still let my Virgin Days be spent
 In innocent Delights!

Where

2 P A N and S Y R I N X.

Where, whilst each rising Morn renews our
In blest D I A N A's guiltless Train, (Joy,
I follow in the sprightly Chace ;
With ardent Speed pursue the panting Prey,
And taste the Sweets which give a Goddess
(Pleasure.

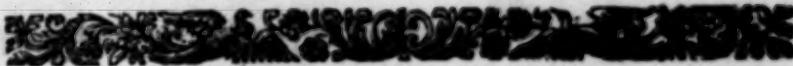
*Free from Sorrow, free from Anguish,
With no amorous Pains I languish,
No tumultuous Cares molest :*

*Freedom prizes,
Love despising,
All is calm within my Breast.*

*Free from Sorrow, free from Anguish,
With no amorous Pains I languish,
No tumultuous Cares molest.*



SCENE



SCENE II.

PAN and SYRINX.

[Pan at a distance.]

Pan. What do I see? What Form Divine!

Syr. But why delay the Nymphs?
Here were they summon'd to attend the
(Goddess;
Th' appointed Hour is fled : I grow im-
(patient.

Pan. Bright Nymph!

Syr. Ha !—

Pan. Let not awful Love affright thee:
Behold, the *Sylvans'* King adores thee.

Syr. Wert thou the King of Gods, I
(must not hear thee;
Am I not sworn a Foe to Love?

Pan. Disclaim that silly Vow ;
Nature condemns, and *Venus* will resent it,
Believe me, lovely Maid.

Syr. Fond God, forbear and leave me.

Pan.

Pan. Let not idle Fears possess thee ;
 Pan shall protect thee on the lonely Glade.

Syr. The Goddess is my Guard :
 Diana and my Innocence protect me.

Pan. Relentless Nymph ! O listen to
 (my Passion,
 And let me press thee.— See ! the Place,
 The gentle Season, and thy blooming Years,
 Invite to Love, and dictate pleasing Joys.

Syr. Desist, rude Sylvan ; 'tis in vain ;
 Syrinx contemns thy Passion.

Go, leave me, 'tis in vain ;
 I scorn thee, nor will prove
 A Slave to Thee and Love.

Cease to wooe me,
 Nor pursue me,
 Love and Courtship I disdain.

Go, leave me, 'tis in vain ;
 I scorn thee, nor will prove
 A Slave to Thee and Love.

[Exit Syrinx.

SCENE



S C E N E III.

P A N *solus.*

Pan. How insolently coy !
Am I to be despis'd ?
Perhaps, I was too pressing. (her ?
But whither shall I turn ? — Shall I pursue
No — 'tis resolv'd — I'll wait for her Return,
I heard her say, the Nymphs were sum-
mon'd here,
And with them shall my *Sylvans* join :
O Syrinx ! then again I'll tempt my Fate.
But see, the sporting Train advance.

Gentle Cupid ! aid my Pleasure,
And thy Pow'r I will adore :

Crown me with this lovely Treasure,
I no greater Bliss implore.

Gentle Cupid ! aid my Pleasure,
And thy Pow'r I will adore. [Exit Pan.



SCENE IV.

Enter Nymphs dancing on one Side ; enter
Sylvans on the other, who mix and dance :
CHORUS of Nymphs and Sylvans. After
the Dance, a Nymph and Sylvan come
forward.

Sylv. Fairest, if thou canst be kind,—Ah !
Thou'rt the Damsel to my Mind,—Ah !

If in me thou canst discover
Ought to please thee as a Lover,
Be it in thy Smiles confess,
Thou'l consent, and I am blest.

Fairest, if thou canst be kind,—Ah !
Thou'rt the Damsel to my Mind.—Ah !

Nymph. Think'st Thou, that awkward
(Mien has Charms
To tempt a Virgin to thy Arms ?

Sylv. If my awkward Mien affright thee,
Let this ruddy Cheek delight thee :

See,

See, with what bewitching Grace
This manly Beard o'ershades my Face!

Nymph. The Charms you boast, per-
haps, may please
Wild *Fauns*, and clumsy *Savages* ;
But a more engaging Form
Must my Breast with Passion warm.

Sylv. The Goddess' self, fantastick Fair,
Might look, and be enamour'd here.

Nymph. Foolish *Sylvan*! What Conceit
Makes thee think thy Charms so great?

Let Nature hence-forward neglect
Too much Beauty on Men to bestow ;
Since Opinion can help the Defect,
And for Charms that are wanting allow.

Sylv. Tho' Nature should ever neglect
Any Beauty on Nymphs to bestow,
Their Opinion will help the Defect,
And for Charms that are wanting allow.

Let Nature henceforward
Tho' should ever neglect
Nymph Too much Men to be-
and Syl- Any Beauty on Nymphs stow;
van both. Since Opinion can help the Defect,
Their will help the Defect,
And for Charms that are wanting allow.



SCENE V.

PAN, Nymphs, Sylvans, and Chorus.

Pan. Well do these Sports become
(Diana's Train;
And well, ye *Sylvans*, have you join'd
In Honour of the Goddess of the Groves.
Let Love, and Innocence, and Rural Joys,
Still glad the Plains, and dictate new De-
(lights.

Yet what can please, while Syrinx
(is not here ? }
Her Absence racks my anxious } *Aside.*
(Breast.)

But

But do I not at distance view the
(Fair ?
"Tis She— She comes ; I will retire, *Afide.*
And wait some happy Minute to
(approach her.)
Again renew your vocal Mirth,
Again your jocund Measures tread.

*Whilst your Harmony fills
The Vallies and Hills,
The Goddess your Strains shall approve :
All Nature will smile,
Whilst your Songs reconcile
The Praise of Diana and Love.*
[Pan retires here.]

CHORUS.

*Whilst our Harmony fills
The Vallies and Hills,
The Goddess our Strains will approve ;
All Nature shall smile,
Whilst our Songs reconcile
The Praise of Diana and Love.*

SCENE



SCENE VI.

S Y R I N X, *Nymphs*, *Sylvans*, and C H O R U S.

Syr. How sweet the warbling Linnet sings,
To usher in the new-born Day!

While gentle Winds, on balmy Wings,
Diffuse around
The Vocal Sound,
And make the Groves and Forests gay.

*How sweet the warbling Linnet sings,
To usher in the new-born Day!*

Toil'd, and impatient, have I sought you
(long,
Neglectful Nymphs ! — Were you not
(summon'd,
Soon as the Sun should gild the Mountain's
(Brow,
Here on old *Ladon's* Banks to meet ?
It suits not *Cynthia's* Train to loiter thus,
And frolick with licentious *Sylvans*.

Or

P A N and S Y R I N X. II

Or are your solemn Vows forgot,
And do your Bosoms glow with wanton
(Pleasures ?

Why should Love, that trifling Passion,
Which procures such certain Pain,
Be the darling Sport of Fashion,
And o'er Gods and Mortals reign ?

Since it fills our Hearts with Anguish,
Rob's our Nights of balmy Rest,
Makes our Mirth and Pleasure languish,
Chases Reason from the Breast.



S C E N E VII.

P A N, S Y R I N X, N y m p h s, S y l v a n s, a n d
C h o r u s.

Pan. Love, how impatient hast thou
(made me !
I can no longer wait—Divinest Nymph !

Syr. Ah !— Must I be tormented still ?
Help ! help ! assist me, Nymphs.

Pan.

12 PAN and SYRINX.

Pan. Forbear;—Quick, fly the Place;
Fly, or I'll call my Satyrs of the Woods
To chase you hence—By all the Pow'rs
(I swear:
Away, you *Sylvans* too, and wait my
(Pleasure.

Nymp. and Sylv. Fly! fly! fly, &c.
[Exeunt Nymphs and *Sylvans* confusedly.



S C E N E VIII.

PAN and SYRINX.

Syr. What must I do, or how escape?
Alas! I tremble.—

Pan. Why these Fears?
Hear me, lovely, cruel Fair!
Behold me prostrate at your Feet,
Low, and submissive as a rural Swain.

Syr. I must not hear of Love.

Pan. Not hear of Love! (given?
Why then were all those heav'nly Beauties
Not *Cynthia*'s self can rival you in Charms.

Syr.

Syr. Thy Flatt'ry and thy Love alike I
(scorn.

Pan. Consent to love, and Thou, like
(her, shalt reign
Queen of the Lawns, and have thy
(Nymphs t'attend thee.

Syr. No such Ambition can allure my
(Mind :
I must not hear of Love.

Pan. Force shall befriend me, since
(Intreaties fail ;
I will enjoy thee, stubborn Maid !
Thy Beauty has inflam'd my Soul ;
Nor will I languish, scorn'd, and in Despair.

Syr. O savage Insolence ! Protect me,
(Gods !
Save me, Diana ! Virgin-Goddess, save me !

Syr. Cruel Sylvan ! O forbear ;

Pan. Cruel Nymph ! O stay, and hear :

Syr. Thy Passion,

Pan. Resistance } is in vain.

Syr. Ye Gods, in Pity aid me !

Pan. Such killing Charms invade me.

Syr. O ease me from,

Pan. O yield to ease} my Pain.

Syr. Cruel Sylvan ! O, forbear ;

Pan. Cruel Nymph ! O stay, and hear :

Syr. Thy Passion} is in vain,

Pan. Resistance } is in vain,

[Here Syrinx, getting loose, runs to the Banks of the River, where she is changed into Reeds.]

S C E N E IX.

P A N *solus.*

Pan. Surprising Change !

Must I the Charmer lose ?

Ah ! cruel Fate, thus to oppose my Love !

Soft Murmurs issue from the wond'rous

(Reeds ;

The plaintive Sounds (Flame.

Seem to condemn the Rashness of my

O never

O never cease, and *Pan* with you will join
Lost *Syrinx* to lament!

Yet shall her Mem'ry live; and these
(fair Reeds
To future Times transmit her Name and
(Praise.

O never cease, and *Pan* with you will join
Lost *Syrinx* to lament!

But see—the Goddess comes;
How shall I her Resentments meet?



S C E N E X.

DIANA descends, P A N, Nymphs, Sylvans,
and Chorus.

Diana. Presumptuous God! am I so
(little fear'd,
That thou so boldly dar'st my Anger move?
Know'st thou not, *Cynthia* could sollicit *Jove*,
And from *Olympus* draw down sure Re-
(venge?

Pan. I own thy Pow'r, Celestial Maid!
And dread the Tempest of thy Rage.

Dia.

Dia. Then to prevent the threat'ned
Thy rash Offence deplore, (Storm,
And strictly thy licentious *Sylvans* rule:
So shall *Diana* be again thy Friend,
Forget thy Wrongs, and *Syrinx*' Loss forgive.

Pan. O mighty Goddess! to thy Will
(I bend,
Confess my Guilt, and will my *Sylvans* rule.
And now that she forgives,
You *Nymphs* and *Sylvans*, great *Diana* praise,
Renew your Sports, and follow in the
(Chace.

CHORUS.

Great Diana whilst we sing,
Let the Plains with Echoes ring,

Whilst we pay the Honours due,
And the sprightly Chace renew.

Great Diana whilst we sing,
Let the Plains with Echoes ring.

4 AP 54

[While the *Chorus* sings, the *Nymphs* and
Sylvans dance, and *Diana* ascends.]

F I N I S.

